12: Los howld in a dismal stupor,
Groaning! Gnashing! Groaning!
Till the wrenching apart was healed

13: But the wrenching of Urizen
would not
Cold featureless, flesh or clay

Pictred with direful changes
He lay in a dreamless night

14: Till Los rouzd his fires
abrighted
At the formless unmeasurable
death.